How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helpes it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavie burden! *Enter Hamlet.*

Pol. I heare him comming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion,
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take armes againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: To dye to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe to ſay we end
The heart-ake, and the thouſand naturall ſhockes
That fleſh is heire to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſht, to dye to ſleepe,
To ſleep perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that ſleep of death what dreames may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortall coyle
Muſt give us pauſe, there's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the whips and ſcornes of time,
Th'oppreſſors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
The pangs of deſpiſed love, and the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When as himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The undiſcover'd Countrey, from whoſe borne
No traveller returnes, puzzels the will
And makes us rather beare thoſe ills we have,
Than flye to others that we know not of.
Thus conſcience does make cowards,
And thus the native hiew of reſolution
Is ſicklied ore with the pale caſt of thought:
And enterpriſes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,

And loſe the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy Orizons?
Be all my ſins remembred?

Ophel. Good my Lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you, well.

Ophel. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you ought.

Ophel. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compoſed
As made theſe things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe againe: for to the noble minde
Rich gifts waxe poore when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honeſt?

Ophel. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophel. What meanes your Lordſhip?

Ham. That if you bee honeſt and faire, you ſhould adm
diſcourſe to your beauty.

Ophel. Could beauty my Lord have better commerce
Than with honeſtie.

Ham. I truly, for the power of beautie will ſooner transf
honeſtie from what it is to a baud, than the force of honeſt
tranſlate beauty to his likeneſſe: this was ſometime a Para
but now the time gives it proofe. I did love you once.

Ophel. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeve ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have beleev'd mee, for vertue can
evacuate our old ſtocke but we ſhall relliſh of it: I loved yo

Ophel. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why wouldſt thou be a breeder
ners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could acc
of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not born
am very proud, revengefull, ambitious, with more offence
beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to g
ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes a